Being but heauie I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gētle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them aboue a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To sore with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I sincke.
Horatio. And to sink in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boystrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
Benu. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceleſſe rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunsire phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dum.
Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the Constables own word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.
Ro. Nay thats not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our indgement sits,

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Ro. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Ro. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Ro. In bed asleep while they do dream things true.
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you:
She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger then an Agot stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noses as they lie asleep: her waggō spokes made of lōg spinners legs: the couer, of the wings of Grashoppers, her traces of the smallest spider web, her collors of the moonshines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat, not half so big as a round little worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hasel nut, Made by the Ioyner squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers: and in this state she gallops night by night, throgh louers brains, and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curses strait, ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who strait one kisses dream, which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with sweete meates tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he of smelling out a sute: and sometime comes she with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Persons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a souldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates, of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he starts and wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a praier or two & sleeps againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

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